

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.
TITULAR MOUTHFULS
VIII.

I have a lowbrow sort of nut,
It balks at ponderous volumes, but
If yours is 'way above the norm,
Read C. Kuhlman's "Pacifism as the Unifying Thesis
of All Social Reform."

IX.

And, *penseur*, when you've read that screed,
Another one you ought to read
('Twould put me in a state of dormance)
Is J. O. Hopwood's "Vocational Relations, Analysis and
Classification of Performance."

Elurbs are not always inaccurate.
What is announced as "smart" read-
ing usually turns out to be the work
of a Smart Aleck.

There are so many scarlet women
In current novels that anybody ought
to be able to name the disease that
fiction is suffering from. . . .
Scarlet fever.

If, on checking up at the end
of the year, Albert Payson Ter-
hune discovers that his well
known collie kennels have set
him back a few thousand he'll
probably write another dog story
—"Breed 'Em and Weep."—*The
Book Factory* (a few weeks ago.)

"At that," writes Mr. Terhune on
a picture postal card that shows him
and Mrs. Terhune discussing the
weather with six handsome collies
(against a background of beautiful
blooms that are probably collie
flowers), "It's a pleasant way to go
broke."

Speaking of dogs, our ambition is
to own a Great Dane and name him
Hamlet.

And if Santa Claus won't heed that
request, we'd like a nice poohpoohdie.
Of course, we'd call him
Mencken.

THESE BRIGHTENED OUR WEEK.

"Merton of the Movies" (Harry
Leon Wilson).
"Men of Affairs" (Roland Pertwee).
"A Letter Book" (George Saint-
bury).

OUR OWN LONDON CORRE- SPONDENT.

Ye correspondent made a bright
remark to the Poets' Club t'other day.
He was invited to address the gath-
ering on American poetry. "Gentle-
men," said he, "me motto has always
been, 'Publisher, stick to pour pub.'"
Dashed clever!

And, speaking of cleverness, ye
correspondent has taken a bet of-
fered by Gilbert Frankau that his
"*Allette Brunton*" doesn't sell more
than 5,000 copies in the States. If it
does, Gilbert, being a prosperous au-
thor, can afford to lose the two quid.
If it doesn't, smack on the expense
account goes the aforesaid two quid,
and serve the Century Company
right!

Gosh! How personal these here
London Literary notes are getting!
At a dinner of the P. E. N. Club here
the other night Sister Helen was
seated next to a Scotch literary gent,
Sister Helen was urged by a rascally
author to ask him what's the differ-
ence between a Scotchman and a
cocoanut. . . . She didn't. The
answer is—you can get a drink out
of a cocoanut, but you can't out of a
Scotchman. As a reward for her
precocious literary acumen Helen is
to be taken to Oxford Circus for an
honest-to-goodness American ice-
cream soda.

Doc Frank Crane is making a de-
cided personal conquest among the
literati of London. Ye correspondent
took him to a dinner at which the
Doc was seated beside John Gals-
worthy t'other night, and the discus-
sion turned on "*Windows*," the latest
Galsworthy play. The theme of the
aforesaid play is, Are your windows
clean? "What's the use of cleaning
'em when you can bust 'em?" re-
marked the genial syndicate sage,
whereat there was much applause.

Sinclair Lewis departs this clime
in a few days, but his place has been
taken by Don Byrne, who has
brought Dolly, the fourkids, his

fountain pen and golf clubs and is to
settle in these parts for some time.

W. L. George (whom ye corre-
spondent once blew to his first
year of American corn—nostalgic
thought!) is back from the States
and St. John Ervine (who is pleasant
and unassuming and altogether a
nice young feller) will probably be
going soon to put on a play.

Quaint notions of publicity prevail
in this town of London. When a
newspaper or magazine wants to
publish a photo of an author it buys

it from the photographer. Oh, press
agents of New York, hear, and be
wistful! JOE.

LONDON.

ADVT.

What is the most beautiful thing
in life?
Johan Bojer recently told our Lon-
don correspondent what this is.
Look for the answer in *The Book
Factory* next week.

NAMING THE CHARACTER.

Ever since the publication of
"Graustark" George Barr McCut-
cheon has given his characters names
which were highly fantastic and
unlikely to correspond with the
names of actual people. Yet, as you
may have read recently, he has met
or heard from people whose names
were exactly those he had selected
for his books.

If Mr. McCutcheon wants people
to let him alone we suggest that he
use names like the following:

May Hemm.
Charlotte Russe.
Steve Door.
Maud Lynn.
I. Say.
G. Whiz.
B. Good.
Celia Doom.
Margie Reen.
June Bugg.
Mike Roskope.

Pearl Hande.
Perry Winkle.
Willie Nilly.
Lem E. Lone.
Sam O. Var.
Sarah Nade.
Nan E. Goat.
Charley Horse.
Bella Donna.
Lena Genst.
Magnolia Tree.
Minnie Haha.

We have used names like those in
our nonsense verses for years—(per-
haps since we don't write any other
kind we should just say "verses")—
and, despite the fact that, according
to the latest statistics, 169,897,142
Americans have read 'em, no com-
plaints have been received. So we
guarantee the safety of those mon-
ickers.

It is true that we know a Horse
family—they live in the palatial
barn on our farm near New Brun-
swick—but there is no Charley in the
family. And, anyhow, they don't
read.

"The Scarlet Tanager" is a detec-
tive story with a new idea; the vil-
lain is actuated by the highest mo-
tives.—*Book note.*

Gosh, that isn't new. We recall
that in many a book we read as a
kid it developed that the fellow who
robbed the local trust company did
so that he might save his aged
mother from the poor farm.

tions of her father's day, Mrs. Pringle
records a melancholy contrast of the
present. She says:

It has been said that, like the
pyramids, slave labor only could
have accomplished it; be that as
it may, at this moment one has
the pain of watching the annihi-
lation of all this work now, when
the world needs food; now when
the starving nations are holding
out their hands to our country for
food, thousands and thousands of
acres of this fertile land are re-
verting to the condition of swamps;
land capable of bringing easily
sixty bushels of rice to the acre
without fertilizer is growing up
in reed and marsh, the haunt of
the alligator and the moccasin.

Some of the old plantations are
held now as game preserves. And
many of the descendants of the black
men of that day are degenerating
in the crowded slums of Northern
cities. The net result to the nation
and to humanity at large may give
rise to some curious reflection.

But there is much that is gay and
heartening in Mrs. Pringle's recol-
lections, of her school days in
Charleston, of life on the plantations,
at the sea coast, and later on, as the
Governor's daughter—a lively picture
of crinolines, of the manners and
"proprieties" of the day, of the
sumptuous plenty and dignity of the
baronial life, and of the humor and
human loveliness of the negroes.
One is tempted to liberal quotation,
but a single extract must suffice—
from an even earlier day, in the
memory of the writer's mother, of a
time when the cotton had to be
picked by hand, and the children
"ran races as to who should pick the
most, during the long winter even-
ings while my grandfather read
Milton, Wordsworth and Shake-
speare," to the industrious family.
Mrs. Pringle comments:

When one contrasts those even-
ings, those influences on the
minds of children, with the amuse-
ments and diversions deemed nec-
essary to the young of the present
day, one does not wonder at the
pleasure loving race we are be-
coming.

Other days, other customs. But it
is well worth while for a generation
somewhat over given to "pleasure"
to contemplate the sterner ways of
their great-grandparents. No one
wants to reinstate the life of the
'40s, but they still have much to tell
us, and Mrs. Pringle is an admirable
teacher.

Glimpses of the Old South

CHRONICLES OF CHICORA WOOD.
By Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle.
Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS is a beautiful book; beauti-
ful in its quiet dignity, its
simplicity and fineness, for
the writer is always the *grande dame*,
speaking with the entire unself-con-
sciousness of her class; a manner
that can never be consciously imi-
tated or assumed with any success.
It is also a valuable book, a useful
footnote to history, a contribution of
a spot of warm color to the still very
incomplete picture of a bygone day.

Indeed, there is a curious remote-
ness from the present in the epoch
of the 1840s and the years down to
the turmoil just before the war. It
is an age that impresses one as in-
finitely far from our own; much
further away in essence than many
periods that are actually centuries
from us. The youth of to-day, and
even the middle aged, would be much
more easily at home, for example, in
the Rome of Hadrian's time than in
the South Carolina of 1845, the
year of Mrs. Pringle's birth. That
dissimilarity and remoteness hold
true of all the country, but most
emphatically of the old South, where
the spirit of life was still almost
feudal, although the rumblings of the
oncoming age of machinery might
have been heard.

Mrs. Pringle not only takes us
back to the troublous days of the
war and of the early reconstruction
period, but she also gives us
glimpses of the older life, in her por-
traits of her father and mother, and
the memories of her own childhood.
These earlier chapters are the more
important and valuable portion of the
volume. Others have written of the
time of storm and the tragedy of it
to the defeated people, but there is
only too little of record comparable
to Mrs. Pringle's earlier recollections.

The Allstons were an old and
thoroughly English family. John
Allston, the first American of the
line, came over some time before 1694
and, in Mrs. Pringle's phrase, "had
a number of children, as self-respect-
ing people of that date usually
had," his eldest son being the grand-
father of Mrs. Pringle's grandfather.
The continuity of tradition is worth
remembering; it takes many gen-
erations to culminate in a personality
like that of Robert F. W. Allston,
the writer's father, who seems to
have been an embodiment of all that
was finest in that tradition. Environ-
ment and the existence of slavery of
course count for much, but after all
they remain no more than the back-
ground of such a personality. The
result is not wholly patriarchal, nor
wholly medieval, but partakes of
both: one thinks of a Sir Philip Syd-
ney, even of a Chevalier Bayard, but
also of the chief of a clan. It was a
type, that had rare strength, dignity
and force; outwardly stern and for-
mal, but tender and even passionate.
One does not marvel that his daugh-
ter "thought him the wisest and best
man in the world."

The outline portrait she draws of
him, simply, without adjectival dis-

play, is the finest thing in this book.
One feels him, tremendously alive, a
figure that can almost be called ma-
jestic. He was born in 1801, edu-
cated at West Point and served a
few years in the army, leaving it to
take up the heavy burden of his
very large estates, which was a task
too great for his widowed mother to
manage. She died in 1824, and from
that time to his death he was the
patriarch, the ruler of a small prin-
cipality, and truly a potentate. Natu-
rally such a man was drawn into
broader public life, and after sev-
eral terms in the Legislature of
South Carolina, including six years
as President of the Senate, he be-
came Governor in 1856. He was a
Jeffersonian in politics, a firm be-
liever in State's rights, and naturally
an active figure in the war. It was,

perhaps, a happy release for him
that he died in 1864, before the final
defeat, and the ending of his era.

Mr. Allston was also a highly ef-
ficient agriculturist, and did much
to develop the growing of rice on his
swamp lands. In many respects it
was a happier day than the present,
especially for the negro. "I myself,"
says Mrs. Pringle, "am truly thank-
ful that slavery is a thing of the
past, and that I did not have to take
up the burden of the ownership of
the one hundred people my father
left me in his will, all mentioned by
name." But it can hardly be doubted
that under the direction of such a
master as Mr. Allston the condition
of his people was far from unhappy.
There were losses as well as gains
in the great gift of freedom.

Speaking of the vast rice planta-

A Navy Officer's Narrative

A HALF CENTURY OF NAVAL
SERVICE. By Rear Admiral Seaton
Schroeder, U. S. N. D. Appleton &
Co.

ON the principle that inspired
Admiral Mahan to call his
autobiography "From Sail to
Steam," Admiral Schroeder might
very well have entitled his volume
of reminiscences "From Sail to Elec-
tric Drive," for when he entered the
service tacks and sheets meant work-
ing actualities and he remained on
active duty in the navy long enough
to see the very latest form of propu-
sion applied to our battleships.
Among the many other changes and
improvements Admiral Schroeder
saw between 1864, when he entered
Annapolis, and to-day may be re-
marked in his opening chapter,
where he describes the simplicities
and austerities of the Naval Acad-
emy of the 1860s with the magnif-
icences of that institution nowadays.
One contrast he notes on his return
voyage from Europe in 1867, when
owing to calms a shortage of water
was threatened and all hands were
put on half rations; and yet "a full
allowance in those days would be
far less per man than even quarter
rations to-day."

As a young officer the writer saw
service in Alaskan waters, was un-
der fire in the Corcoran expedition and
was present at the beginning of the
"Virginian affair," he having won his
commission as Lieutenant in 1872, in
which grade he remained for twenty-
one years, so slow was promotion in
the navy in those two decades. He
spent several years in hydrographic
work, but his most interesting expe-
rience in that period was helping
Commander Gorrington bring the great
obelisk from Egypt to Central Park.
After the Spanish-American war,
which Admiral Schroeder refers to
only in general terms, he became
Governor of the Island of Guam, an
assignment that required much tact
and ingenuity on his part. One of
these was taking advantage of a
philatelist's unconscious "tip" and

raising 20,000 pesos for the local
Government funds by the sale of
Guam stamps.

Admiral Schroeder's narrative of
the famous round-the-world cruise
of our fleet, during President Roose-
velt's Administration, is described
with many details and at consid-
erable length. Shortly after the re-
turn of the fleet he was appointed
commander in chief of the Atlantic
fleet, during which time he made
his last cruise to Europe. After his
retirement he was recalled to Wash-
ington to work on the reconstruction
of the signal system of the navy and
later served as hydrographer during
the world war.

One of the striking features of this
entertaining narrative is the writer's
philosophical attitude toward many
Government regulations that usually
irritate most naval officers markedly.
Admiral Schroeder, for example,
raised no objections to the Govern-
ment's withholding a decoration pre-
sented to him by Japan; he worked

to prevent whisky drinking in the
service; made no complaints about
his slow promotion; and, apparently,
did not think the substitution of
"Right" and "Left" in naval orders
for "Starboard" and "Port" the
greatest naval crime of the ages. In
the last few pages of his narrative,
however, he does discuss promotion
by selection, of which as a general
principle he heartily approves ex-
cept in relation to the grade of com-
mander, as to which he makes the
suggestion that:

More careful consideration and
less erratic flow might result from
limiting selections for that grade
to a certain proportion of the vacan-
cies to be filled, say one in
three. This would, no doubt, hurt
the feelings of those who, happen-
ing to be the first in the groups of
three, might be jumped. But it
would probably hurt less feelings
than are being hurt now, and it
would have a stabilizing effect,
checking the tendency to too close
differentiation.

'Franklin': A Play

FRANKLIN. A play in four acts. By
Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Henry
Holt & Co.

THE author makes an ingenious
use of the mysterious docu-
ment by means of which the
astute Quaker at the last moment
brought about the signing of the
French treaty. Since no historian
has ever been able to find out what
it was, her guess is legitimate, and
it has excellent theatricality. It is
an old letter with which the King of
England had sought to bribe him
many years before. The play closes
to the tune of "Yankee Doodle,"
with Franklin making the sagacious
comment to his aid that it is unsafe
not to date letters. If the fact that
the play makes even duller reading
than "Disraeli" provides a safe infer-
ence, it should certainly act as well
in the hands of a star, for, except in
a rather flint dialogue, it possesses

much more theatrical substance.
Furthermore, it should be even more
attractive as a vehicle for self-ex-
ploitation—and what star is not con-
vinced that the star's the thing to
catch the fancy of the public? Frank-
lin is the virtuous apprentice in the
first act, dreaming of a free press
and the *Saturday Evening Post*; but
sagacious as he is, he cannot escape
the inalterable law of stage heroes
to fall in love at first sight. We
follow the admirable Quaker until,
forty years later, he bamboozles the
proud court of France, not without
the assistance of the lightning he
has tamed—which, indeed, zigzags
all through with ingenious variety.
There is horseplay also and plenty
of sentiment (with a rainbow at the
end of the second act, made by the
clouds which have just obliged him
with their lightning, a conspiracy of
excellent stage thickness employing
a double dyed spy and some tinted
aristocratic spysseas.